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REMUSAT, METTERNICH AND PIATT

It is a great condescension from his usual lofty, super-likes tone toward his humbler treather of the press when Col. Fratt, of the Capital, accords them even a semblance of argument about any of his dogmatisms they may have taken issue with. We feel, then, that we can afford to waive some of his tremendous sarcasm at our expense, when he replies thus to a suggest in made three weeks ago to those of our readers who, relying on THE SUNDAY HERALD for homely truth, take also the Capital as the (rather

We humbly suggest that saying Metternich looked at Napoleon with the eyes of a lackey was not saying that the famous diplomat was a lackey, and brushed and blacked and prepared wastepiper for the shaving of his royal master. Yet his Memoire show that he had all the qualities of a lackey, and hone more conclusive than his humble respect for his weak kingling because he was born to the crown, and his contempt for the great Napoleon because he won the Imperial dialem.

As for Madame Rémusat's cast-off love, we have her own word for it, conferent to dangerous) Attic salt of the feast;

won the imperial diadem.

As for Madame Remusat's cast-off love, we have her own word for it, confirmed by her conduct. She tells how Josephine teraine jealons of a mysterious intimacy of a mail who never, she tells us, approached a woman but to gratify his passion—an intimacy that set camp and cent to talking. Then her absequent hate, which she grounds on a discovery of his faults, is confirmation strong as proof of Holy Will. To the female mind the defects of the loved object is come virtues until scotlind, and then the virtues become faults.

come faults.

We fear the N. of the S. H. will regard this as one of our brilliant paradoxes to attract fly-golublers.

What in the Old Scratch is a fly-golubler, anyway? If strikes us that N. of the S. E. has as little time to read and reflect as he has to improve our information and morals, ôtc., etc. Observe, however, the measure timplied in seriously informing as that Prince Metter-nich was not a brush-boy of Napoleon's, but only viewed him as such a brash-bow might. To one who reflects that Metternich eventually held the fate of Napoleon in the hellow of his hand, and wrote of him years after he had exposed the essential narrowness and sulgarity of the Corsican tyrant and driven him into a whiting exile by a masterly combination of those same crowned imbeclies they both at herry

these same crowned imbeclies they both at heerige-spised, the one statement is really about as child-isbly inconsequent as the other. Metternich no more viewed Napoleon with the eyes of a lackey than he was a tackey of his beachamber in fact. Col. Platt proves this in the very same paragraph by saying inconsistently that Metternich had an "humble "respect for his weak kingling," (meaning, no doubt, the Emperor Francis.) Now, the very epigram to which he is all along referting, the sense of which itself we by no means almit, is that "no man is a hero to "his own valet." To say, therefore, that the ambassador made a hero of his imperial master shows that saddr made a here of his imperial master shows that he was no valet, but on the contrary imputed to Francis Metternich's own qualities of elevation and

clearness of mind. To Napoleon be was never any 'imperial diadem,'' but that he, who might have arned infinitely greater titles to distinction, aped the neanest and pettlest vanities and vices of those who vere accidentally born to coremonial dignities. And urely it is a contempt that all honest men must Concerning the other paradox, that Madame de Ré-musal, a woman aurely held in the highest honor by the jealous Empiress Josephine, by her own hus-band, her sum, and all her descendants, is now discov-ered by Col. Platt of the Capital to have been a

ast-off love of Napoleon, we can only say that it is cast-on love of Napoison, we can only say that it is one of those imputations on a woman which are inca-pable of either proof or disproof, and therefore with-out the slightest historical value. The same reasoning Col. Platt applies to Napoleon and her would also apply to her and that other libertine, Talleyrand, who was hourly near her, and it is shown had a sincere ad-mitation for her. We have he symmathy with a mind.

was hourly near her, and it is shown had a sincere admiration for her. We have no sympathy with a mind that can invent scandals even in dead and gone history, when none need be supposed for an instant. The Memoirs were re-written years after the events described, (the first draft having been, perhaps fortunately, destroyed,) by a woman already feeling the hand of death upon her, and under the eyes of a loved and loving husband and son. To suppose that old spites and jealousies survived and appear plainly in such pages, to suppose, in short, that there is anything visible but what so many others fell, an honest liking for a man of rare powers of fascination and dissimulation, turning to horror as he recklessly and coarsely threw aside the mask, is preposterous and absurd. Her grandson records in his preface that as she recalled the young Bonaparte as he first appeared be recalled the young Bonaparte as he first appeared she recalled the young Bonsparte as he first appeared to her, anxious to conciliate and with everything to gain, her old admiration came back in full force, and she could scarcely bring herself to pen the Indictment against him, or believe that posterity would credit such a change. It remained for the chaste imagination of the Capital office to suggest an explanation that would probably have led Madame de Remusat to burn her Memories again wither than schemit them.

eurn her Memoirs again rather than submit them to fly-gobbler is—"What in the Old Scratch is a fly-"gobbler;" A fly-gobbler, in the Old Scratch or else-where, so far as we are informed, Col. Platt should have learned during his long and noted diplomatic where, so far as we are informed, Col. Piatt should have learned during his long and noted diplomatic career in Paris (a career which should noted mover have given him juster notions of the position of Metternich given him juster notions of the position of Metternich nunc—one ever agape for "some new thing," who gulps down what is crammed into his jaws, whether in the shape of fiction, rumor, "brilliant paradox," or apparent nonsense. He is described in the diction-aries as "a gull," "a triffer," and other opprobri-

ath of March, 1873, when a half dozen gentlemen seated around a stove were relating their experiences of the day and occasionally refreshing themselves with a glass of champagne, when the door bell rang and in walked the Count, always a welcome visitor. To enliven the party the Count said he would relate his experience with the Grand Duke shooting buffalo.

Buffalo Bill, Buffalo Bo, Buffalo Bill Bodisco.

irand Duke very soon killed two, and, turning to me said: 'Maintenant Bodisco, il faut I we un.' 1

The Count resumed: "Putting spurs to my horse I dashed off at full steed toward an old bull which two Indians were pepperfug. Thad not good very far before my horse put his foot in one of those bog-holes of the

Philadelphia Chronicae.

A child with two faces—one where the back of its head ought to be—was recently bern in Onio. Thus is another long-felt want supplied. A race of women with eyes so arranged that they can see, without turning the head, what the woman who has just passed has on, has long teen needed in this feared that my son would marry stells some day. For a feared that my son would marry stells some day.

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

BY PRED. R. WEATHERLY. the eve is growing gray, and the tide is roll

But I wis they never hear The songs the far bells make for me, the

Upon the old brown pter

Oh, I see him pulling strong, pulling o'er the bay i And I hear his joylal song, and his merry face I see

My bonny love and dear ! And he's coming up the sea-washed steps with hands my love, your cheek is cold, and your hands at

stark and thin ! hear you not the bells of old, the bonny bells of O have you nought to say

Upon our wedding day? ear you not the wedding bells across the Bay of Lynn?

that moan : But never a word he said He is dead, my love is dead ! Ab me ! ab me ! I did but dream; and I am all alone. Alone, and old, and gray; and the tide is rolling in; But my heart's away, away, away, in the old gra-yard at Lynn!

(Temple Bar.

NINA. Victor Blumenthal was sauntering through the public garden, thinking about the picture he was paluting, thinking how the light among the trees suggested certain strains of music to him, when his eye fell upon a young girl feeding the swans, and lingered there. "If I could only carry that face home in my mind's eye, and reflect it upon my canvast': he thought. "She is the very image of Undine herself." Just then the child beside her reached across the brim of the basin to toes a crum's into the water, and lost her balance. Quick as thought Victor sprang to the rescue, brought the child up dripping, and confronted Undine, out of whose face all the rese had faded, all the sunshine had fied. "Oh, how shall I thank you! what shall I do for you!" she cried. "If you had not saved her, how could I have lived. "If you had not saved her, how could I have lived. She is my little neighbor, and I promised to be so careful of her. Oh, though you are a stranger, I feel as if you were my bost friend:"

"Then oblige me by meeting me here again, and telling me how our little friend bears her drenching," he returned, as he put them into a carrige. Then be went to his studio, and tried to limn. Lie face of Undine, and threw down his brush in despair. And the next day, happening into the public garden again, there she was before him, amiling and blushing, with the child beside her." Victor Blumenthal was sauntering through

there she was before him, smilling and blushing, with
the child beside her.

"I thought perhaps we should meet you here," she
confessed. "Jenny brings her mother's thanks.

"How can we repay you but with our prayers?"

"If you could sit to me—"

"If you could sit to me—"

"If you could sit to me—"

"Oh, you are laughing at me!"

"I was nover more serious in my life."

"I was nover more serious in my life."

"I was nover more serious in my life."

"Let us go then," she said.

"Your picture is long in finishing," she remarked
one day, after immerable sittings: for Victor had
every night wiped out what he had laboriously painted
in during the day, so difficult was it to imprison the
shadow of his model within the canvas, to lend to
Undine the soul that sat and sniled in Nina's eyes, to
endow her with the spirit that informed the face,
flushed in the oval check, or trembled about the
motile mouth.

"You are tirred of coming to me. I tax you too."

Victor langhed softly. "Fame is better than money,"
"And life is better than fame."
And then Victor threw down his brash. "The sum is setting," he said; "let us go out upon the bay for langiration."
And Nius followed, nothing loath. How cool and sweet the hour was out there, with sails blowing out like wings of white guils in the offing, and pleasure-boats loitering or speeding by! How gayly the sun smote the city's spires, and clanged the windows of dingy warehouses on the wharves into precious stones ilke those of Aladdin's palace. How much pleasanter all this was than sitting at home, in a dark alley, over her artifictal flowers, trying to embody her farcles in satin and velvet! Nina, the poor little flower-maker, the last of her race, and Victor Blumenthal, the artist and million-aire—and the picture grow apace. Somehow he dared not finish it, lest Nina should feel her debt paid, and

San Autonio Herald.

From Wilson county he came; his name is L. A. Edmondson. Edmondson stands, in his socks, over six feet tall. He is bearded "like a pard," and was dressed in leather pants. When he entered a salcon on the military plaza yesteriday afternoon his boots sounded on the floor like the thumping of a pair of pile-drivers; when he shook his leonine head his long hair twisted about like black snakes. "Give me some beer!" he roared, "I am dry! Give me a three-gallon bucket, fuil to the brim and no foam! I am dry! I was weamed on herring brine and don't eat nothing now but mush made of gunpowder and fish sait!"

The barkeeper filled a quart glass—the deepest vessel fish sait!"

The barkeeper filled a quart glass—the deepest vessel in the house—and this was repeated four times. Each glass the thirsty man emptical at a gulp; and the fourth he said, "Wait a minuft." Just then a small man entered, and Edmondson, taking the small man up as if he was a baby, said, "Give hit beer, hit's dry."

The little man was supplied, restored to his feet, and shrank away from the giant, glancing lack from a corner like a mouse looking at a Newfoundland dog. a corner like a mouse looking at a Newfoundland dog.

Once more the wild man opened his mouth and it presented the appearance of a cave opening, overgrown with sumac, in autumn.

''I am the man that ketched a wild nustang by the tail and hit hin till his chine come out all the way to his ears; I can lick a double-deck hog-car full of panthers, with nothing but a corn-cutter to fight with, and I can dance a lig on the pintof a copper lightning-rod. I ain't limble to cold, but when I sueze the reporters telegraphs a fresh earthquake in Cuby; when I give a whoop the dishes ratite on the Russian King's table till old dotchearmoliktchikoph swears that a keg of Nihilist guspowder has just popped in the cellar, and the Empress has to hunt her new teeth from her coffee-cup. Give mo-some beer!' This time he struck the counter with his fist and jarred the anchorhol to the whisky bell-punch lose, causing the machine to run backward like Herskiah's sun-dial, and the record of four hundred thousand drinks disappeared from the dish—an instantaneous loss of \$8,000 to the State of Texas.

with regard to Sapoleon is the same agode month, which we with regard to Sapoleon is the same agode month, which we will see the same of facton, rumor, "brilliant paradox," or apparent moneme. He is described in the idectional rate as "a gull," "a trifler," and other opprobrimes on the same of facton, rumor, "brilliant paradox," or apparent moneme. He is described in the idectional rate as "a gull," "a trifler," and other opprobrimes on the same of the same of the same as "a gull," "a trifler," and other opprobrimes as "a gull," "a trifler," and other oppositions as "a gull, and the same of the same

"dealous!" repeated Nina; "Mrs. Blun s mother?"
'His wife-Victor's wife."
'His wife-Victor Bhuneuthal's wife."
'Oh, then, perhaps you did not know urried?"

Treating.

N. Y. Express.

The Business Mens' Moderation Society discussed the subject of "treating" yesterday, and many sensible things were said. In the course of his remarks, the speaker said that the custom of "treating" was founded on a benevoient and hospitable feeling, but it was a custom that had done more harm than all the enemies the country ever had, and would result in even greater harm if permitted to continue. There is no doubt that the custom does incalculable mischief. It leads to continued drinking, and often drunkenness. The habit when three or four men meet together that the first proposition must be a "treat," too often leads to a debauch, for each one in his turn is expected to ask the crowd to "smile," so that the single friendly glass magnifies into several, This friendly glass is a grand humbug after all, and is very farfrom friendly to those who too often induge in it. It is maintained and supported by the custom of "treating," and, if we can do away with the latter, much will be accomplished in the cause of miversal temperaines. In Europe the custom is almost entirely unknown, and a European visiting this country is surprised at the manner in which he sees American paying for each other's fluid refreshment. It would be a land business for the bar-rooms were the custom to be done away with, but it would be splendld for the morals and pockets of the American people. There is no doubt that "treating" is the root of intemperance. By it men are made to drink more than they would otherwise, and forget their reaseen in the convivality of their friendship. It is a bad custom, rotten in principle and practice, an excrescence that should be lopped off from the seeinle system.

England's Great Belle and Heiress
London World.

The rumor chronicled last week of the approaching contract of marriage between Prince Leopoid and Miss Maynard is said to be unfounded. Such an alliance would have been popular, and a beauty who has £30,000 a year is not a bad match, even for a Prince of the blood foval. The Maynards have always been a popular family in Essex, and the bright processes and winning smile of the heiross of that ancient house are ever welcome at Indumov. Easton Lodge, near to Dunnow, which is alies Maynard's property in her own right, is one of the fractinancions in the county, and is no mean rival of Audiev End—but without its weath of artistic treasures—or flown Hall. The late Viscouniess Maynard, he grandmother of the new beauty, for many years distributed £2,000 per annum among the poer in the neighborhood of Easton. Miss Maynard attained her eighbeenth birthday last December, and it will be remembered the occasion was excitented by a magnificent entertainment, which cost an enormous sum, and was one of the most leitliant affairs which has been known to Essex for a generation. Flowers were brought from Nice, and a suite of temporary reception-rosms were erected for the occasion. Lendou Trait.

Society in a large Southern scaport has been shocked by the elopement of a young lady not yet of age, who possesses a fair amount of money, with a transcar conductor, who has left behind him a wife and several children. The conjus are reported to have saited for America. An unpleasant little family scandal has arisen, too, in a Western county. The cider daughter of a country gentleman was engaged to the owner of an estate in the neighborhood—an excellent match in every way. But a week before the weeding-day a family friend arrives to break the astounding news that the bridgroom had just married her younger stater, who had been absent from home for a few weeks visiting friends.

MARY AND HER LITTLE BEAU.

Mary had a little beau As sweet as he could be; But every night he wouldn't go, And that made misery.

For Mary's ma, she never slept Hat intened full of fears And when, so late, poor Mary crept To bed, she'd box her car

And rasald cas buts all were high And that the cost was low, And swore he'd murder by and by That chap who wouldn't go. And Mary she grew thin and pale

At length the pa and ma, both grave,

Said things had reached a pass When something must be done to save

Their winter's coal and gas.

Would question Mary's little beau, And pa said so would be.

Miss Mary wept, but all in vain;

Walked in the parior with his cane— Behind him came her ma.

And then poor Mary's little beau

Stopped poking at the grate, And turning pale said he must go Hefore it got too late.

But ma backed up against the door,

And pa upheld the cane, And at the frightened youth he swore

That now be must remain

Until he settled for the gas

And coal that he had scored:

But if a marriage came to pass-

He'd take it for the board.

Alas! poor Mary's little beau

He'd settle up next day.

Had not wherewith to pay, And begged if they would let him go

" No trust !" the angry parent cried,

Across his knee and swiftly plied

Then tossed him out upon the snow

And double-locked the door; Which settled Mary's little beau,

Who never came there more.

POOR LUBIN.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,

"A different cause, " mays Dr. Sly,

His wife that he may live. "

The same effect may give; Poor Lubin fears that he may die,

Hints to Dramatists. Postscripts in S. F. Post.

His spouse is in despair; With frequent sols and mutual cries They both express their care,

(Whitehall (N. Y.) Times

That very night ber pa

And on the sofa toll.

Site thought to berself, but I disapprove of consina marrying.

'Did she love bim?' gasped Nina.

'I dare say she loves him well enough; but one survives these things.

'Ob, how she must hate me!' cried Nina.

But if could stellah hated or loved she knew how to disguise het feelings; holoely could be gayer or sunnier than she during these days. She sparked with repartee and ancedore, and shook her listeners with gales of laughter. Perhaps she was showing Grandelaw what a mistake be had made to choose this sad, shadowy woman instead of herself.

'I have been sitting for my portrait,' she said one evening. Nina's heart gave a little sit; had she not sat for her picture once? The moon was shrining in through the long windows of the drawing-trom; there was no other light in the room except the fittal glare behind the fonder. Grandelaw had been called out of town on business for a night of two.

'I indeed,' said Mrs. Grandelaw. 'Is it not a tedious after?'

'It would be, perhaps, if any one but Victor Binnenthal were painting it.'

Nina started and dropped her fan. Had she come to Laurel Lodge to hear of Victor?'

'And who is Victor Binnenthal' saked Stella's ann; 'another fame of yon't?'

'I have seen no symptoms of that kind, 'laughed Stella. 'I wish I might. He would make an ideal lover.'

'But he is married,' spoke Nina out of the Her lever be grew stout; Her parents' threats have no avail. He would not be put out. And spite of Mary's woeful gazo He'd shovel on the coal, And poke the fire into a blaze,

"Then Grandelaw has told you about him?" Yes

She thought to berself, but I disapprove of con

Steila.

'Then Grandelaw has told you about him?' Yes, it was so romantic—and sad.'

'Didn't the marriage turn out well?' asked Mrs. Grandelaw, to whom romance meant nonsense.

'That depends,' returned Stella. 'He married his contain Theodora'—

'I have no patience with consum marrying.

'No? There was no need of patience in this case. Blumenthal's grandfather had left the money to Theodora had always loved him, but she insisted upon being married to him on her death-bed, that he might inherit her portion of the fortune. She died an hour afterward.'

Nius ast like one stunned by an earthquake shock; all Grandelaw's perfuly stood out like the handwriting on the wall. Victor had loved her after all. His kies had not been treachery. She would go to him. She would leave 't.is prison fore're and ever. How had she 'ver dreamed of loving Grandelaw some day?

'You have been kind to me, 'N kins and, when she kiesed Mrs. Grandelaw good-night. 'I shall atways bless you for it; but-Stella would make Grandelaw a better wife and you a wiser daughter.'

'My son and I think differently.' repoiled his mother; but she remembered afterward that Nius had lingered and hesitated—'just as if she wished toask parion for something.' Mrs. Grandelaw explained; and when Grandelaw himself returned to Laurel Lodge there was a little three-cornered note on his library table, in Nina's hand, which read:

''I' I should marry you, Mr. Anson Grandelaw, some day, in looking over your file of old Tribines, I should happen upon one containing the marriage of Victor Bimmenthal to his coust Theodora, and the notice of ber death on the same day, and your deceit would kill whatever love I had learned to bear you. So good-bye, and make Stella happy.

Another Withelmi Story.

D. Dodd in S. F. Post.

A just now popular method of working a gratuitous concert out of Wilhelm), and ringing in your friends without money and without price, is to invite him to a sort of violin kettle-druin at some Nobill mansion. In this way one gets a couple of hours steady adding out of that eminent and amitable musician at the expense of much taffy and very little weak tea and chippy sandwiches. cian at the expense of much taffy and very little weak tea and chippy sandwiches.

The other afternoon Wilhelm) was invited to one of these charming affairs by a lady whose delicate health, she stated, prevented her meeting the great artist in any other manner. About 5 o'clock a long-haired six-footer rang the hell and was received by the hostess, who opened the door herself with overwhelming effusion. Amid a shower of ''delighteds' and ''so happys,' she bustled him into the parlor, seated him in the most confortable chair, and deluged him with politic questions.

'the classical or the descriptive?''
''Well, I think I like 'em sorter mixed, as it
were,'' replied the guest, thoughtfully scratching his

"the classical or the descriptive?"

"Well, I think I like 'em sorter mixed, as it were," replied the guest, thoughtfully scratching his head.

"Mixed?" timidly inquired another fair worshiper of harmony.

"Yea, about half and half. Now, there was a descriptive piece I heard the other day by the Russian composer Skimmiliski. It was a fantaste in C major, called—I forget the Russian title, but it meant "The Timiblebug and the Angel."

"Not really?" said the hostess.
"I don't see why not. I believe I know what I know," said the great man, looking around loftlly. "It was the most exquisite intermigling of the classically abstract and the majorically descriptive I have ever heard. You see, the argument begins by the angel seating himself on a chunk of cloud and beginning to play on the harp and sing, "The Gospel Train is Booming By;" when the tumblebug, aroused by the music, crawla over the chunk, and begins to burrow between the angel and the cloud."

"But, of course, there are no tumblebugs in heaven," said a young hay.

"Not literally, but figuratively," said the great virtuoso, much irritated by the interruption: "In the eternal realm of correlative, though inductive, though the true transposition of hypodermic esciveration is perimeated by a transcendent and coembryotic assumption of tridescent, though antagonistic, inviciability, and in some cases both or which." one day, after innumerable sittings; for Victor had every night wiped out what he had abortously painted in during the day, so difficult was it to imprison the shadow of his model within the canvas, to lead to Undine the soul that sat and smiled in Nina's eyes, to end to Undine the soul that sat and smiled in Nina's eyes, to end to Undine the soul that sat and smiled in Nina's eyes, to end to the whole month.

"You are thed of coming to me. I tax you to long."

"No," size replied; "I was only thinking that if I made my flowers so slowly! I should starve."

"But, of course, there are no tumblebugs in money."

"And Nina followed, nothing leath. How coal and sweet the hour was out there, with sails blowing out like wings of white guils in the offing, and pleasure boats loitering or speeding by! How gay's the sans smote the city's spirse, and changed the windows of dilts was than sitting at home, in a dark alley, over her artificial flowers, triying to embody her farcles in satin and velvet!"

Victor wasked to the dark alley in the duck with Nina, and hought of the white illies that grew into precious alone. As the composer shows itself in all its grandeur. The whole allowed the deboration; the whole familian and the month of the white illies that grew into precious and more against and the major and pleasure of the board of the board of the board of the white illies that grew into precious and more against and the special and annowed, and thought of the white illies that grew into precious and any of the composer shows itself in all its grandeur. The ball the waste that the buttering of the balled and annowed the composer shows these in a little case the convergence of the board of the balled and annowed the composer shows the pleasure of the balled and annowed the supplies of the balled and annowed the composer shows the pleasure of the balled and annowed the composer shows the pleasure of the balled and annowed the composer shows the pleasure of the balled and annowed the composer shows the pleasure of the balle

The Whangdoodle of Texas.

San Antonio Herald.

N. Y. Express

England's Great Belle and Heiress

"I think not. Why?"
"No quarrel—no dispute with any one?"
"N-0-0-0; I think not, except the—the usual monthly tiff with the landlady."
"Ah, the landlady? That's exactly it. Now, calm yourself, my dear madame, and tell me—do you smell anything?"
"What on earth do you mean?"
"Come, now, just smell real lard. Now, what is that particular odor?" and as the agitated woman suffice she distinctly detected the scent of decaying meat, which proceeded obviously from the landlady's room underneath. see if——"

But they fired him out just as he made a reach for the chandelier. After which the musicale proceeded under a decided damper; again proving that

pet and flooring.
Just as they reach the remains—which proved to be
those of a poisoned rat—Dr. Hotts created a sensation
and profoundly disgusted the detective fraternity by
walking cheerfully in. Grand denouement and cur-

walking cheering in.

Now, here is the whole argument of a play, for intrinsic, realistic interest probably has the bulge on
anything written since Shakespeare, and crowds that
longwinded old-timer pretty hard as it is.

We haven't time to work it up ourselves, but we
can lay our hands on several hundred local dramatist
to whom the foregoing plot and a dozen quires of wide
paper would be a boon indeed. The Baldwin needs
just such a drama, and if Miss Morris couldn't rake
in a big pile of laurels as Mrs. Biotts, with Jeffreys
Lewis a close second as Mrs. Diffenderfer, we miss
our guess, that's all.

guess, that's all. A standard household remedy of undoubted

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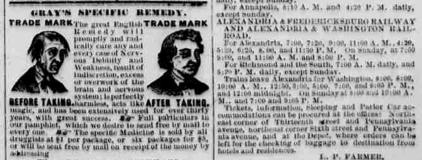
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'Norwalk, Conn., March 1, 1846.

'Dr. John W. McLean has been attending physician in my school and family for many years past, and has been remarkably successful in his practice. His treatment of Rheumatian and Heart Discase has confor him especial distinction, and it gives me pleasure to testify to his success, particularly in cases which fall under those just-mentioned heads.

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'Rector St. Paul's Church, Norwalk, Conn.'

"Norwalk, CONN, February 18, 1880.

"In the summer of 1865 I was attacked with what my physicians told me was Endo-Carditis, or a Valvular Inflamation of the Heart; they also gave, as their opinion, that I would never recover from It, nor could I ever again do any land work or make any great exertion. I then called in Dr. J. W. McLean, who told me that he could cure me; he kept his word, for in a few months I was actively engaged in a business regulting great manual labor, without feeling any bad effects. Slice then I have been healthy, able to do any work suited to me, and I do not know as I have a heart. "GEORGE F. QUINTARD."

"NEW CAANAN, CONN., March 4, 1880.

"In December, 1872, my father, Jonathan Seileek, aged sixty-six years, was attacked with Inflammatory Rhemmatism and a very severe Influenza Cold, being almost Pracumonb. As his physician had pronounced his heart badly deceased, when he was taken down with such severe matadles, we almost gave up hope, but we called on Dr. J. W. McLean of Norwalk, whose reputation for the successful treatment of Heart Disease was well known. Under Dr. McLean's practice, in less than a week, the Rheumatism and Influenza were curred, and his heart was beating much easier. In four months from the time the dector first saw him he was able to ride to Norwalk, a distance of eight miles. Since then he has been able to be about his farm, as well as any man of his age."

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TRAINS LEAVE B. & P. DEFOT AS FOL-LOWS:
7.19 A. M. Dally—NEW ORLEANS FAST MAIL— Direct connections for the South and Southwest; dally, except Sunday, to White Sulphur and local points on C. and O. Raliroad.
PULLMAN SLEEFING CARS are run from Washington to New Orleans without change of cars. PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS are run from Washington to New Orleans without change of cars, an advantage offered by no other route.

10:40 P. M.—SOUTHERN EXPRESS, daily, for local stations on V. M. R. R., and through connections East and West via C. & O. R. R.
MARR'S AIDUSTARLE SLEEPING CHAIR CAR on night train from Washington to Danville, without change. Frice of chairs, only 41.

Passengers for Manassas Division will take 7:10 A. M. train, adily, except Sunday. For Warrenton, daily, at 7:10 A. M.

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FOR Canandalgus, Bochester, Buillalo, Niagara Palls, and the North, at 0:60 A. M. daily, except Sunday, 7:40 P. M. daily, except Sunday, For New York and the East, 8:10 A. M., 1:20 and 9:43 P. M. On Sunday, 9:43 P. M. Limited Express of Pullman Parior Cars, 2:20 A. M. daily, except Sunday.

For Hoosklyn, New York, all through trains connect at Seriesy City with basts of Brooklyn Annex, affording direct transfer to Fulton street, avolding double ferriage across New York city.

For Philadelphia, 5:10 A. M., 1:20, 5:20, and 2:45 P. M. Limited Express, 3:30 A. M. daily, except Sunday.

For Baltimore, 6:00, 8:10, 0:20, 10:40 A. M., and 1:30, 4:19, 4:20, 5:30, 7:40, and 9:45 P. M. On Sunday, 1:30 and 9:45 P. M. On Sunday, 5:30, and 8:45 P. M. Er Pope's Creek Line, 6:00 A. M. and 4:20 P. M. daily, except Sunday.

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